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Never lose your hope

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Chapter 1 by Gounaitory

This story happened with my last year, when I recently broke up with my boyfriend. And it was really hard times for me.

I was so depressed that "I would rather die" I said once. But if I knew I would never told these words ever again...

Once in the morning I woke up and moved to the kitchen. I was very sleepy yet and went to kitchen directly because I was very thirsty.

I took my mug to drink a tea. My mom and dad were also sitting next to the table and were talking about my stuff. I even got curious why they were talking about me when I am standing near them and of course, hearing them. I started to look that carefully but they were still talking and not even looking at me.

Everything has changed when I turned back to my room...

Chapter 2 by intellikat ✎

...for I had grown a third arm.

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It smacked me and made me feel dizzy. I realized that I still loved David. I sat down on the kitchen floor. For nearly an hour my mind raced.

Then I got up, grabbed my keys, and got in my car. I imagined telling David, but I couldn't imagine what he'd say. I turned the key, switched the radio off, and put the car in drive.

Chapter 4 by intellikat

My third arm was not real, of course. It was what my therapist years later referred to as a "mediator" between my conscious and my subconscious. I never really went in for all the psychoanalysis, and was only attending sessions as required, but in this case what my therapist was saying made perfect sense in hindsight. I would have never made the choice to return to David willingly; it took an appendage outside of me to help me take that step myself.

I arrived at David's apartment uninvited. I did not expect him to have moved on so quickly, but he had. I recognised the car on the street immediately, and when I came to his door and heard her voice from within, everything became clear to me. But instead of crumbling and stalking pitifully back down to the street once again, my third arm slapped me in the face and all but commanded me to knock at David's door.

Chapter 5 by intellikat

David answered the door, shirtless and holding a bottle of hard cider. From within, I could hear the sound of an exercise video playing and someone grunting and moving.

"Lydia?"

I just stood there, listening to the noises from behind David.

"Lydia. What are you doing here?"

"David. I want to talk."

"Is it Kathleen?"

"Lydia. You deleted me from all your contacts. You ignored all my messages to you. Now you show up. It's not a good time."

The video had stopped playing, and footsteps were approaching.

"When is a good time, David?"

"David? Is everything okay?" Kathleen stood beside him, wearing workout tights and a soiled t-shirt. She was pulling her hair back into a single ponytail. "Oh. Is it Lydia? Lydia. How are you?"

Chapter 6 by Gounaitory

"Oh well, good" I smiled, but didn't even gazed at her, like she was reading my mind, like she knew everything was not alright.

David was still looking at me with eyes wide-open. The places I have been from, would say "like a sheep to the new gates" for this case.

"I needed to talk with you, but it does not makes any sense anymore" and turned away. I ran to press the elevator button, but I realized I had to wait a lot for it's coming and went down to the stairs. He was running after me, because I could hear his steps. I just imagine how was Kathleen with moment, but all I was thinking right now was getting into the car as soon as possible.

"Lydia!" finally this moron decided to shout my name.

But I was on my pace, I didn't care. I was hurt. No matter that almost a 5 months had passed. I still couldn't move on. Those feelings inside of me...like I swallowed a hedgehog.
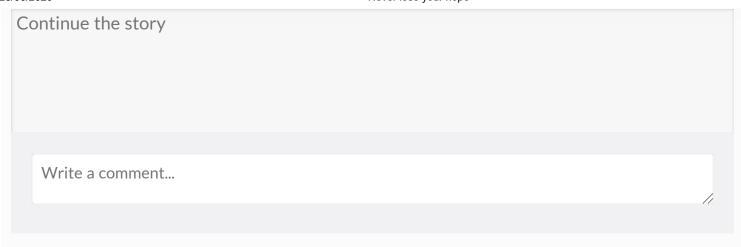
Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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